

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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YOUR DOG DOES NOT SEE RED

EVERYTHING IN BLACK AND WHITE

It is now generally recognised that dogs are colour-blind; but Mr F. H. Peasbody, of Belfast, was determined to find out for himself; and the technique he employed was the same as that used by Ivan Pavlov and other physiologists in establishing conditioned reflexes in the dog.

The contact of food with the dog's taste buds is an unconditioned or normal stimulus, and the resultant flow of saliva is an unconditioned reflex, or normal reaction. The sound of a bell, buzzer, horn, or ticking metronome associated with food time is a conditioned stimulus, and the

dog's reaction to it is a conditioned reflex; the dog comes to expect food whenever it appreciates the conditioned stimulus.

Other types of stimulus may be used, such as the placing of a limb in a particular position, or showing the dog a geometrical figure such as a circle or square. After various trials Mr Peasbody adopted the figure stimulus.

Now a cross, or a square, or a circle may be recognised by the dog as a signal of food to follow; but it will only show the salivary reflex when presented with a figure exactly like the figure to which it is accustomed. Thus it will show no reflex if a slightly oval figure is presented in place of a perfect circle. But a circle of any colour will show the reflex, and thus it is concluded that colour vision is lacking in dogs.

Acute Hearing

This is because the mind of a dog is extraordinarily selective—at least in regard to conditioned reflexes. For example, when he has been conditioned and reacts with his saliva to a pure note of, say, 439 vibrations per second, he will react to this note only. The slightest variation of pitch, to a note of 437 or 441 vibrations per second, will not cause him to secrete saliva in expectation of food. A human ear would not detect the difference.

A metronome, beating 100 beats a minute will act as a conditioned stimulus. If it beats 99 or 101 beats a minute the dog does not associate it with food. But no human being could tell the difference.

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At the Kerb Halt! Said Mrs Duck

A LESSON on how to cross a busy street was given by a mallard duck and her ducklings on the outskirts of Edinburgh the other day.

Looking rather anxiously at the traffic, mother duck halted at the side of the road with nine ducklings in a fluffy line close behind her. She looked both ways and, having made sure the way was clear, gave a quack signal to her family and set out across the road. Left-right, left-right, the ducklings followed closely after, still in line, keeping a watchful eye on mother.

A momentary crisis occurred at the other side of the road, for some of the ducklings found the edge of the pavement too high for their tiny legs. However, a push with mother's beak here, an encouraging quack there, and they had all conquered the obstacle. Then the family formed up in line again and waddled on its way.

OLD RELIABLE

A TEN-YEAR-OLD Australian has written to *The ABC Weekly* (the equivalent of our *Radio Times*) telling this interesting story of a watch.

Some years ago, he writes, a farm labourer of Morpeth bought a watch from a street hawker for 7s 6d. He then sold it to a local farmer for 15s. The farmer, in turn, sold it for £15.

The present owner would not part with it at any price because inside the watch appears this inscription: "George Stephenson, Engineer, Killingworth Colliery, 1812."

The Father of the World's Railways was working at Killingworth for some years before he persuaded the directors of the new 12-mile railway between Stockton and Darlington to try his locomotive, instead of horses, for drawing the wagons.

It is said that George Stephenson's old watch keeps good time still, and that its tick is like that of a grandfather clock!

CRICKET ON THE GREEN AND IN THE RUINS



Above, a game on the village green of Frenchay, Gloucestershire. Below, a game on a bombed site in London.



Nine mph on the Canadian Pacific

THE 100th anniversary of the oldest stretch of track on the Canadian Pacific Railway was recently celebrated. Today the CPR has 20,000 miles of line, and this oldest stretch runs for about eight of them. It is east of Montreal and connects Lanoraie Junction with Joliette, the town named after Barthélemy Joliette who founded the line in 1847.

The first locomotive to run on this line was the *Dorchester*, built in England in 1835 by Robert Stephenson. This close relation of the *Rocket* had already done service on Canada's oldest railway, the Champlain and St Lawrence Railroad.

The puffing pioneer was soon joined by the *Jason C. Pierce*, built in Philadelphia. An old sketch shows the fierce-looking *Pierce* busily hauling a four-

wheeled baggage coach, 12 feet long and a four-wheeled passenger coach, 24 feet long. Freight trains, however, had as many as six coaches. The average speed of trains was nine miles per hour!

The streamlined *Jubilee* and *Royal Hudson* locomotives today streak along the same stretch of track used by the *Dorchester*.

Channel Aspirant

MARGARET FEATHER, a 16-year-old Scarborough schoolgirl, is to make an attempt to swim the English Channel next August. She is a very powerful swimmer for her age, with many successes already to her credit; and a fund to cover the expenses of her special training for the Channel attempt is being inaugurated.

Britain's Shop Window

An important event in the commercial life of our country is taking place this fortnight. On May 8 the 29th British Industries Fair was opened at Olympia and Earl's Court in London and at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham. Here an economic correspondent of the C N explains the purpose of the Fair and why it concerns us all.

IN one respect, at least, this year's British Industries Fair will be outstanding in its 36 years' history. The total area of stands has for the first time exceeded 1,000,000 square feet. No fewer than 3000 firms have taken part in the Fair and they belong to 90 industries and trades.

The meaning of an exhibition

Red Dragon Train

Four more trains on the British Railways summer services have been given names. They are: *The Red Dragon*, an express between Paddington and Carmarthen; *The Easterling*, between Liverpool Street and Yarmouth; *The Broadman*, between Liverpool Street and Cromer and Sheringham; and *The Tynesider*, between Newcastle and King's Cross.

A new feature of this year's summer services is a series of "all in" tours from Lancashire and Yorkshire towns. Two of these are special restaurant-car trains which each Saturday from June 10 to September 9 will take holiday-makers for a week's tour of beautiful and historic places in Scotland. The charge for a tour will include rail fare, meals on trains, hotel accommodation, coach and steamer trips, and so on.

Runabout trips are now available in 77 areas, compared with 52 last year.

SCHOOLGIRLS' EXHIBITION

CAREERS for girls are to be a prominent feature at this year's Schoolgirls' Exhibition which opens on Wednesday, May 24, at the New Horticultural Hall, Westminster, and continues until June 3.

Hospitals in London and the Home Counties will endeavour, by continual demonstrations of a nurse's work and training, to attract girls to take up nursing as a career. Other careers about which girls can obtain information will be: secretarial, stenotyping, the stage, the Services, occupational therapy, hairdressing, electrical industry, and journalism. At the Pavilion of Sports short talks will be given each day by well-known sports-women, and sports films will be shown twice daily.

Experts, too, will demonstrate such crafts as pottery, weaving, basketry, and crocheting.

Your Dog

Similarly with geometrical figures. A slightly longer upright in a T will prevent the response, so will a slight oblong in place of a square, or a slight oval in place of a circle.

But such violent differences as yellow and green, or blue and red, apparently make no difference. It is scarcely conceivable that the dog would not notice them, unless he were colour-blind. That is why it is thought dogs do not see colours as we do; they see everything as black and white, or various shades of grey.

such as the BIF to the nation is this: as most of us in this country live by the work of industry rather than by such occupations as agriculture or fisheries it is obvious that the prosperity of our nation largely depends on the prosperity of its industry. Now, our nation's industry has several important tasks on hand. It has to produce a vast quantity of goods that are needed, produce them well, and produce them cheaply.

But production is only one side of the business. The goods must also be sold, and to help their sale is the aim of the British Industries Fair. This aim is so important that the Government themselves are sponsors of the Fair, spending a large sum of money to organise it and to attract as many overseas customers as possible.

Dollar Customers

In view of our difficult dollar situation we like to welcome American and Canadian customers in very large numbers. Last year there were over 1200 buyers from those two countries, and it is our hope that this year their number will have been greatly exceeded. The United States Government, who are deeply interested in helping Anglo-American trade, have, indeed, for the first time since the beginning of Marshall Aid, occupied a stand at which explanations are given to traders and others concerned of how they can best sell goods in the various parts of the United States.

It is not possible in this short article to mention, let alone describe, the new articles on show. But it is worth while stressing how far we have succeeded in maintaining the lead in such a vital new industry as radio. The great range of exhibits in this section at Olympia and Castle Bromwich include magnificent new television sets and their component parts.

Electronic Devices

A tiny radio set which can be carried in a pocket also opens great new trading possibilities. New electronic devices, again, show how cheap recording can be made at home of family conversations or amateur performances on reels of which the playing time is as long as 30 minutes.

In another section the BIF has brought together for the children of the world many wonderful new toys. One of them is a musical box that plays nursery rhymes and at the same time shows appropriate pictures. Crowds of adults and children alike have been admiring a great variety of toy trains.

These few examples—and they are but a tiny selection of the thousands and thousands on show—prove that the harvest time, as it were, of the British industries has indeed been used properly, and that many new commodities and ideas have been presented to the world. There can be little doubt that the Fair will not only prove to be the most successful to date commercially, but will also show that in many fields of endeavour Britain continues to lead the world.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

OUT TO GRASS

A scheme for sending horses to homes when their working life of 12 to 15 years is over, is planned by the National Council for Animal Welfare.

A Norwegian business man is to charter a ship and convert it into a "floating shop-window" displaying Norwegian goods. The vessel will cruise round the Atlantic coast line and into the Mediterranean, calling at all the principal ports on the way.

Patrol Leader Donald Teale, 18, and Patrol Leader William Finch, 17, Sea Scouts of the 1st Churston and Galmpton Group, Paignton, Devon, have been awarded the Gilt Cross for gallantry in rescuing from the River Dart the occupants of a sailing dinghy which had capsized.



Jack and Daphne, four-month-old twin bears, have lately made their first public appearances at the London Zoo. They are the offspring of Minnie, a European brown bear, and Pickles, a Syrian bear.

A television news reel of this year's King's Cup Air Race, on June 17, is to be taken from the *Windmill Girl*, one of the competing aircraft.

Champion Thrower

The British national and English native discus records were broken recently by J. A. Savidge, the Royal Marine corporal who set up a weight-putting record last November. He threw the discus 154 feet 6½ inches.

From the end of the war up to the beginning of April 671,157 permanent houses and 157,146 temporary houses were built in Britain. In March 19,385 permanent houses were finished—the highest monthly total for a year.

An Egyptian Curtis Commando which flew from London to Khartoum non-stop in 17 hours 4 minutes recently, was the first twin-engine plane to do so.

As Commandant-in-Chief of the St John Ambulance Brigade Cadets, Princess Margaret will present the Drama Cup and prizes after seeing the Drama Competition finals at Toynbee Hall, London, on May 20.

WORTHY MEMORIAL

A fund for the education of poor children has been started in Pretoria to mark the 80th birthday of General Smuts, on May 24.

The De Havilland Comet jet-propelled airliner which has been undergoing tropical tests set up a new record of 3 hours 10 minutes for the 1250-mile flight from Nairobi to Khartoum. The flight usually takes six hours.

There are fewer men working in Britain's coal mines today than there have been for over three years. At the end of April there were 701,800 miners, 7100 less than at the beginning of the year and 24,000 less than a year ago.

During March over 129,000 passengers flew from British airports—33,000 more than in March last year.

Monkey Tricks

Thousands of monkeys which descended from the mountains to the cocoa plantations in the region of San Vicente, Colombia, threatening to destroy the crops, were driven back by planters.

British families are to be included in New Zealand's immigration scheme as not enough single men have applied.

A machine in which atomic particles can be made to travel almost as fast as light is now operating at the Harwell atomic establishment. Capable of generating energies of 3½ million electron volts, it will make possible new developments in the design of atomic piles and the production of power.

Patrol Leader Robert Keay, 14, of the 1st Ivybridge Group, Devon, has been awarded the Scout Silver Cross for rescuing a man from drowning in the River Erme at Ivybridge last May.

The possibility of increasing Tanganyika's mineral production is being studied by an American mining engineer under the Economic Co-operation Administration's programme for assisting backward areas.

About 40,000 Scouts from 45 countries will attend the American National Jamboree being held at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, from June 30 to July 6.

A £50,000 fund has been started in Australia to build a Canberra war memorial to Americans.

Good Ideas

The recently-formed Shropshire Local History Council is arranging to train guides to places of interest in the county. It is also designing a scheme for the recording of local history information.

A painting of a Carmelite monk at prayer that had been hanging almost unnoticed for many years in a parsonage in the Midlands was sold recently for £4000. Experts identified it as a Rubens.

The fine Bethnal Green Museum has been re-opened. It is a branch of the Victoria and Albert Museum, which has also opened its newly-arranged galleries of Decorative Art in England.

Lamb House, the attractive Georgian house in Rye which was for many years the home of Henry James, the novelist, is to be preserved by the National Trust as a symbol of the links between the British and American peoples.

POPULAR ANNIE

Annie, *Get Your Gun*, the American musical show which ran for nearly three years in London, was seen by nearly 2½ million people.

Standard Signs For All Highways

WHEN the Transport and Communications Commission of the United Nations met recently the delegates spent a considerable time discussing a plan for a standard international system of road traffic signs.

The Commission found that there are two main systems in existence—European and American. European signals are symbols which convey information to a driver whether he knows the language or not. Most American signs are in words, symbols being rarely used. Danger signs are triangular in Europe, but are diamond-shaped in the States. Instruction signs in Europe are circular with red or blue colourings; Americans use rectangular signs with black lettering on a white background.

It is believed that by 1951 a draft convention will be ready for final discussion and signature.

Underwater Gossip?

THE world's most modern marine research ship, the *G. O. Sars*, is at present studying the habits of cod-fish off the great Lofoten fishing grounds in Northern Norway. The vessel is using a huge microphone which is lowered into the sea to ascertain if the fish makes any noise during spawning time.

The Oslo newspaper *Arbeiderbladet* says that "the Americans said last year that herring talk—at least in America—and it is therefore not less likely that cod also can talk even though it may not be the same language."

The *G. O. Sars* is also equipped with a deep-sea camera to film the shoals of cod, and it is also using Asdic and echosounding apparatus to find out how the fish react to light and sound.

British Masterpieces on Tour

GERMANS and Scandinavians have shown an unexpected interest in British art. Over 100,000 of them went to the exhibition of 120 paintings by 33 famous British 18th and 19th century artists, which was organised by the British Council and recently returned to London after a seven-month tour.

The pictures were shown in Hamburg, Oslo, Stockholm, and Copenhagen. They were by artists from Hogarth to Turner, and among them were Constable's *Flatford Mill*, *View on the Stour*, and *Crossing the Ford*.

A Swedish paper described the exhibition as "a great and ambitious gesture by a country which in a hard-pressed economic situation seems inclined to strengthen rather than weaken her international cultural relations."

Next Week's C N

A UNIQUE map showing pictures of events taking place all over the world, and a most amusing yarn of Morgan of the Mounties are but two of a host of attractive features in next week's C N.

BE wise, and make sure of receiving your C N regularly by giving your newsagent an order to reserve a copy for you each week.

CURIO THAT MEANT A FORTUNE

A VETERAN tin-miner in Southern Rhodesia, who was unaware that he had a small fortune in something other than tin, has recently come into his own.

When Mr D. Lawrie started tin-mining in a small way at Bikita a good many years ago, he found quantities of a beryl ore lying about on his land. He ascertained that the ore would fetch only about £9 a ton when delivered in New York. Such a low price would not have yielded him any profit for working the ore, so he disregarded it. One particularly large and handsome lump of the ore with an unusual sheen on it, however, he kept on the veranda of his house as an ornament.

Beryl ore resembles both marble and quartz, and from it a mineral called beryllium is extracted. Beryllium is now increasingly sought after for atomic piles, in which it has the power of holding the deadly rays.

It can also be combined with steel to make an alloy only one-third the weight of steel yet capable of withstanding as great a strain, and so is used in the manufacture of jet aircraft. Beryllium is also combined with copper to withstand terrific temperatures.

The price of beryllium has gone up to about £80 a ton, but Mr Lawrie knew nothing of all this. Then a party of American geologists, searching for minerals, happened to call at his house, and when they saw the huge chunk of beryl ore on his veranda their eyes bulged. "Don't you know what that is?" they cried. "Of course—just a bit of beryl ore—not worth working," replied Mr Lawrie.

They told him its true worth, and now he is busy producing tons of beryl ore from his land. "It's the kind of break all small-workers hope for and few ever get," he says.

SCHOOL'S 100TH BIRTHDAY

THE girls of Loughborough High School, nearly 600 of them, are this week celebrating the centenary of their school. There are to be performances of a historical Pageant, a thanksgiving Service in the Parish Church at which the Bishop of Leicester will preach, and social gatherings.

It was through the generosity of a medieval benefactor of Loughborough, Thomas Burton, a merchant, that the High School was founded. In 1495 his charity made possible the foundation of the Grammar School for boys, and in 1850 the trustees of his estate founded what was then called the Upper Girls' School. This began with 30 pupils, some of whom were boarders, in a house in Rectory Place, Loughborough. In 1879 new premises were built in Burton Walks.

The school's name was changed to the Loughborough Grammar School for Girls, and then to the High School.

DANGEROUS TOYS

CELLULOID toys catch fire very easily, and their danger to young children is being considered by the National Home Safety Committee of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, who are anxious to collect all available evidence on this important subject.

The Committee would welcome reports from anyone who has had personal experience of accidents caused by these toys. Reports should be sent to 52 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S W 1.

FLIN FLON'S LINK

SNIPPING a ribbon with scissors may be the accepted way of opening a new road, but not at the Manitoba mining town of Flin Flon.

When the first highway leading from the town to the rest of Manitoba is opened on June 24 a strand of wire made of metal from the nearby copper mines will be placed across the road. And the Mayor of Flin Flon will "cut" the wire with a blowtorch.



On the Seashore

Three members of Bromston Riding School go for a brisk gallop along the beach at Ramsgate.

NORWAY'S TRIBUTE TO F. D. R.

MRS ELEANOR ROOSEVELT will fly from New York to Oslo to unveil a statue of President Franklin D. Roosevelt on June 7. The statue is a seated life-size figure facing the sea, at Skansen, and it has been sculptured by Stinius Fredriksen, one of Norway's leading artists. Mrs Roosevelt will travel on to Sweden and Denmark, and possibly to Finland.

A LANGUAGE AN HOUR

DR K. PIKE, who is an Associate Professor of Linguistics at the University of Michigan, might well be expected to learn a language in shorter time than most. But in Australia recently he mastered the basic character of an Aboriginal dialect in less than an hour!

Dr Pike gathered a considerable number of objects around him and by carefully listening to the nouns, adjectives, and verbs used by the Aborigine describing each object he was able to write them down.

Then Dr Pike broke the words up into syllables and by careful analysis got a very full vocabulary.

VETERAN CYCLIST

RENE MENZIES is a name well known to older cyclists. French-born, but a resident of Britain since early boyhood, he set up a record by cycling 61,561 miles in 1937. He averaged nearly 180 miles a day for 365 days, cycling through snow, hail, rain, gales, and heat waves.

Now, at the age of 61, Rene Menzies is preparing for a very strenuous summer a-wheel. First he intends to cycle from Glasgow to Monte Carlo, going all out for a new record for the journey. When he returns from Monte Carlo, Rene Menzies is planning a tour of England during which he will cover a distance of approximately 1800 miles; and then he is off to France again, to take part in a rally of international cyclists at St Etienne.

Not a bad summer's cycling for a man of 61!

BACK TO SCHOOL

WHEN a man becomes a commissioned officer he hardly expects to have to go back to school to learn to read. But in America a course has been started for Air Force officers, who are being taught to read—faster.

The course is part of a plan to speed up office work. During the course the officers will try to increase their reading speed from about 290 words a minute to 490 words a minute.

STAMP NEWS

SAUDI ARABIA has issued a stamp in honour of the visit of the King of Afghanistan. The design shows the arms of the two countries side by side.

A SHORT set of stamps has appeared in Roumania to commemorate the centenary of the birth of T. Andreescu, the painter.

THREE stamps have been produced in Hungary to mark the World Chess Championship help in Budapest this year.

CARDINAL JOAQUIN DE ARCOVERDE DE ALBUQUERQUE, born 100 years ago, was the first church dignitary to become a cardinal in South America. And now he has been remembered by a special stamp in Brazil.

TEN-TON TYPIST

RECENT tests have shown that the average typewriter key requires a pressure of fourteen ounces; so that in the course of an average day's work a typist moves over ten tons!

MEET THE NAVY

BRADFORD has had the honour of being the first place where the exhibition *Meet the Navy* has been seen. At the opening it was said that, despite its inland location, Bradford as the centre of the world's wool trade depends for its existence upon the Navy and the safety of the seas.

The exhibition sets out the marvels of the modern Navy, including a working model of the engine-control platform of a destroyer. After being seen in the provinces the exhibition is due to arrive in London in time for Trafalgar Day.

GOOD WILL DAY

The Welsh Children's 29th annual Radio Message of Good Will to the youth of the world is to be broadcast on May 18. The Message will be:

THIS is Wales calling! The boys and girls of Wales are calling the boys and girls of all the world.

We rejoice to think that, above the tumult, on this day of the year, we can greet each other as members of one great family, the family of the nations of the future.

The world is full of suffering, cruelty and strife, and we are told that civilisation may perish. Let us tell the world that civilisation shall not perish.

More than ever the world needs what we alone can give—the confidence and the comradeship of youth.

May we then, on this Good Will Day, dedicate ourselves afresh to the service of our fellows in ever-widening circles, to the service of our home, of our neighbourhood, of our country so that our country may better serve the world to which we all belong?

So shall we, millions of us, grow up to be the friends of all and the enemies of none.

ROAD FILM

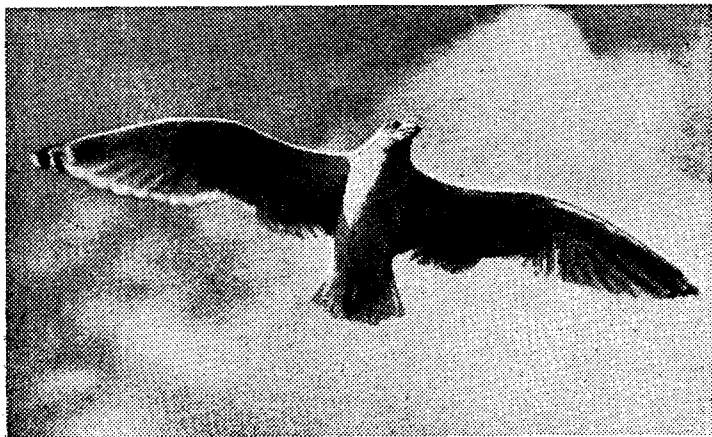
THE British Road Federation say that schoolchildren's interest in highways is increasing rapidly. They get a flow of letters asking for information, and to cope with this demand have now produced a film-strip which will be sent to schools throughout the country which are equipped with projectors. The strip includes scenes of prehistoric tracks, Roman roads, and toll-houses, as well as pictures of famous European and American motor roads.



Tulip Time in Britain's Holland

In Lincolnshire's Fenland millions of tulips are grown, and this field, with blossoms of every shade of red, pink, purple, yellow, and white, is at Spalding in the Holland district.

NURSERY ON A CLIFF-FACE



The Herring Gull in flight

A keen student of bird-life sends us this description of the springtime scene on a wild Devon cliff.

THE herring-gulls begin returning to a beautiful nursery on the south coast of Devon during the first week in April. Then scores of them sail high over the grassy cliffs in magnificent sweeps, calling *qua, qua, qua, ka-a-ow* to each other, their heads and wings gleaming startlingly white against the clear blue sky.

After dropping down among the late primroses, bluebells, and rose campion, they strut from one

nesting-sites, or, perhaps, lay claim again to the site where they brought up chicks last year. Some prefer a rocky shelf overhanging the waves; others a hollow snugly sheltered by a big clump of sea-pink, or a craggy boulder bordered by sea-spinach.

As soon as a pair have made their choice, they cry *Ka-a-ow, big, big, jig, jig!* This is our nesting-place, do you hear—do you hear? And in a moment a little cloud of gulls soars over them shrieking back: *qua, qua, agh, agh!* Take it then—take it then! Or two or three gulls may alight close to them and dispute the site; but the pair will drive them off, following them high into the sky and out to sea. Then the pair will return to the site, side-step round it, bowing to each other, and off they will go to celebrate their choice by a hearty meal at the fishing port a few miles away.

About a week later hundreds of gulls return to the nursery. This time they have come to stay and to build their rough nests of sticks and seaweed, or of seaweed alone. The pairs bow to each other many times, murmuring *mia-a-h-oo-oo*, before the building is begun.

At this stage they are extremely polite, but later they pull out strands woven in by their mates and go off with them, wheeling high over the sea and arguing in piercing cries. Then they will return and bow to each other as if they had never

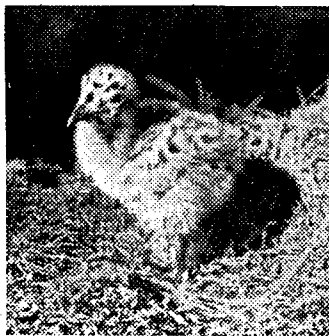
quarrelled. So, though nests are very simple, nest-building takes a week or more.

THEN one egg will be laid in the nest, matching the surroundings so well that it may easily be overlooked. The general colouring is a grey-green with dull brown markings. The egg of the herring gull is rather smaller and rounder than that of the domestic hen. A few nests only have two eggs, but the usual number is three.

The nursery stretches for half a mile along a cliff about two hundred feet high, and when hundreds of pairs of gulls are guarding their eggs or chicks, the screaming, shrieking, and calling is deafening, but always exciting and gay. Scores of jackdaws add to the fun, tumbling out of their nesting-holes in the rocks and mimicking gulls, buzzards, and ravens. Buzzards are the most dangerous enemies of the herring-gulls in this nursery; next come ravens, and then owls.

WHEN their fluffy, speckled chicks are hatched and scuttle about in the sea-pink and campion or venture on a sheer rocky ledge, the parent herring gulls never rest from the first glimmer of light till nightfall, and then, if the Moon is up, they must beware of owls which come flopping down the cliff-side close to the ground with their great eyes wide open.

Feeding their youngsters and themselves, teaching them to fly and to fish, as well as guarding them, is exhausting work for the parent birds, and by the end of July they are ready to say goodbye to their young.



Good Morning, World!



Nest and eggs

nesting-site to another as if proudly conscious of their gay pink legs and feet, of their brilliant yellow bills, and their delicate grey backs and white, jet-tipped wings.

On their first visit to the nursery the gulls choose their

Horses Are Models For These Young Artists

EVERY night eleven-year-old, small-for-his-age Derek Bonwick, of Campbell-road, Brighton, dreamed of horses—nothing but horses, horses...

So it was not strange that when he stood before an easel at Brighton College of Art he should depict a sturdy, bright-eyed steed

on his way out of the stable, with his friends watching him rather wistfully from their stalls.

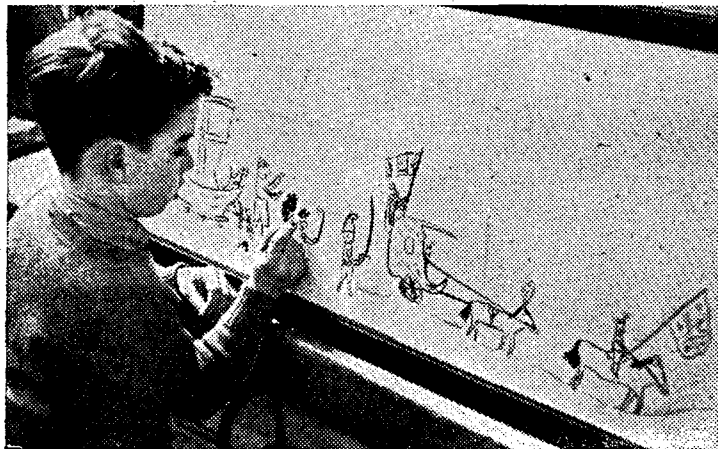
Derek is one of a group of boys and girls, between the ages of five and fifteen, who have been selected from Brighton schools as having special artistic aptitude. They devote Saturday mornings

to these classes, which are claimed to be the only ones of their kind in Britain. They enjoy complete freedom to paint any subject they like.

Horses are a passion, too, of 14-year-old Carol Young, who has produced a lino cut, to an equine design, deftly wielding a "pen" with "cutting" nibs of various sizes. "I live near the Downs and love to ride horses," she told a CN correspondent.

Rather more sophisticated was blonde 14-year-old Penelope Briggs, who has reproduced a bizarre stage design, in barbaric colours. "I'd like to be an actress," she said, adding sensibly, "but I know it's difficult, so stage designing may have to do."

"We feel that the opportunity for self-expression, away from the stricter discipline of routine class-work, helps to enrich the lives of these youngsters," declares Mr. Ronald Horton, Superintendent of Art for Brighton. "Much of their work attains a really high standard."



One of the young artists at work

ERIC GILLET, reviewing the film *Prelude to Fame*, tells of a...

Brilliant Performance By a Boy Actor

WITHIN the last few years more than one young boy conductor has appeared with a big symphony orchestra at the Royal Albert Hall.

The new *Two Cities* film, *Prelude to Fame*, produced by Donald B. Wilson and directed by Fergus McDonnell, deals with the career of one of these child prodigies, and it is made remarkable by the really brilliant performance given by Jeremy Spenser as Guido Ferrugia, an Italian peasant's son, who conducts most of the great European orchestras before he triumphs in London. If you are fond of music you should not miss this film, because the recordings are excellent.

Guido lives in Treno, an Italian village on the shores of the Mediterranean. Professor John Morell (Guy Rolfe), a distinguished English philosopher and musician, his wife (Kathleen Ryan), and their schoolboy son Nick (Robin Dowell) come to live there. Morell discovers that Guido has an extraordinarily good ear for music. He can hear an orchestral record and then immediately play the piece on the piano.

Signora Bondini (Kathleen Byron), a wealthy American woman who owns most of Treno, hears Guido play and decides to have him trained as a conductor. Guido is devoted to his own family, and is fond of Morell, who has already taught him a great deal, but his love of music is so great that he accepts the signora's offer and goes to Naples to be trained.

Then his troubles begin. Signora Bondini is a most ambitious woman. She does not really care for Guido. She only wants him to become a famous child prodigy, and long before he is ready to appear in public she arranges a concert for him at the Opera House, Naples, and he is acclaimed by all the music critics as a good conductor who has an immense career before him. The Signora obtains engagements for Guido everywhere, but she promises that before she takes him

to America he shall go back to Treno to see his family. She is so determined to make Guido do what she wants that she even hides from him the letters his family write to him, and does not post the correspondence he has written to his parents and to the Morells at Treno.

Guido is appearing at the Royal Albert Hall when he learns that he is to go to the United States the next week. This causes a crisis and brings about a most interesting climax to the film.

Prelude to Fame is worth seeing because it gives a moving account of the experiences of an



Guido (Jeremy Spenser) conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at the Albert Hall

able, sensitive, twelve-year-old who is denied all the usual pleasures of boyhood. The director has succeeded in showing this very well indeed, and Jeremy Spenser is an ideal Guido. The rest of the film suffers by comparison, as the dialogue is often starchy and the incidents are inclined to be theatrical situations.

If you are fond of animals I think you will be interested in a short documentary *A Day with Brumas*. This takes you to Regent's Park, where this very little bear is to be seen with her large mother, Ivy. The photography is first class. I wonder why the commentary had to be American.

THE STONE WALLERS ARE OUT

THIS does not concern cricket and "difficult" batsmen. The stone wallers are the men of the Lake District who know how to build the dry stone walls which run across the fells in place of hedges; and these men are now repairing the damages of winter.

The walls are not so old as some people think. They were first put up about 150 years ago to prevent sheep straying. Stone wallers were then paid a weekly wage of 7s 6d, worked 12 hours a day, and often had to climb to remote spots on the high hills to do their job. They were expected to build seven yards of wall 4 feet 6 inches high in a day.

Stone walling is more difficult

than it looks, and repairing a wall or building a new one today is expensive. That is why walkers in the Lake District and in the Yorkshire dales find many walls broken down.

The art of building dry stone walls depends on keeping the weather out, because continuous rain, frost, or heavy snow will soon bring a wall down. Each piece of stone must fit so snugly that no other piece can take its place. The stones outside must dip so as to carry off the water. The wall is tied together with slates which run the length of the wall, one layer of slates being usually sufficient for a wall of medium height.

The Children's Newspaper, May 20, 1950

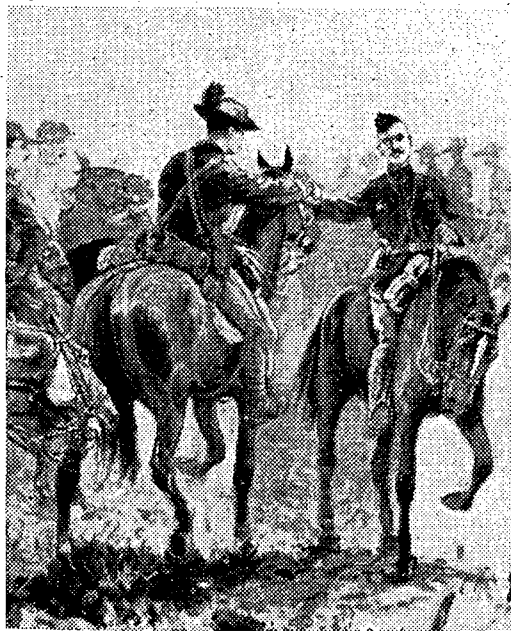
50 Years Ago in Mafeking

It is just fifty years since a British relief force rode into the little South African town of Mafeking, so ending a defence that the future Lord Baden-Powell had maintained for 217 days against the besieging Boers. B-P, as he became to all the world, was well-fitted for his task, for he had already served in India, South Africa, Ashanti, and Matabeleland; and he had gained so great a reputation as a military scout and observer that the Matabele people called him Impeesa, "the wolf that never sleeps." His defence of Mafeking was a stepping-stone to imperishable fame.

WHEN, on October 11, 1899, war broke out in South Africa, Robert Baden-Powell made his headquarters at Mafeking, with 1500 white soldiers and citizens, and 8000 natives. The Boers at first numbered 9000, and were armed with modern artillery. B-P had no big guns; as Mr E. E. Reynolds, his biographer, shows, he had to improvise defences and make guns and ammunition and many another military requisite. He produced a comical-looking piece of artillery with an old steam-pipe for a barrel; and a second gun, of 18th-century make, was reclaimed from its position as a gatepost.

THIS old gun, mounted on the discarded wheels of a threshing machine, was pushed out at night with its wheels "silenced" by a binding of canvas and straw, so that it might noiselessly approach the Boer positions; it was also shrouded with blankets so that its flash should not be seen.

With guns lacking, hand-grenades were made from old meat-tins. Land mines of old boxes charged with sand and dynamite caused great alarm. Dummy sentries "guarded" dummy forts in the seven miles of trenches. A pierced biscuit tin containing an acetylene lamp was nightly moved from place to place, to suggest the existence of a battery of searchlights, which would make



LEFT: B-P's shining hour—the morning of May 17, half a century ago. Col. R. S. S. Baden-Powell, on the right, greets Col. B. T. Mahon, who commanded the troops that lifted the siege of Mafeking

RIGHT: B-P as the defender of the town, with a faithful terrier by his side. Behind him is "B-P's Baby," one of the beleaguered garrison's ancient muzzle-loading guns, with its ramrod and cannon-balls

These two drawings and the one showing the relief column in action are from the Illustrated London News.

night attacks on the garrison dangerous. Shelters guarded the women and children from shells, of which some 20,000 fell on the town.

Spies were numerous on both sides. Through one of them B-P got a message smuggled out in a native tobacco pipe. On the other hand, an enemy spy revealed a secret plan by B-P for an attack on an enemy position and cost him precious lives. This

was his only setback throughout the siege; but he had his revenge, for on the Boers once forcing a way into part of the town, he captured them all. "You're just in time for dinner," he said as their leader was brought captive before him.

ALTHOUGH the Boers cut off the town's water supply, the loss was made good by the sinking of wells within the defence area. Food became a grave problem, however; even the sausages of horseflesh and the "brawn" made from the hides and hoofs of those animals had to be severely rationed. Locusts, then deemed a prime delicacy, were free to all who could capture them.

Throughout the siege, B-P was the soul of the defence, the source of its strength as well as of its light-hearted valour. After a day of anxious labour as commander-in-chief, he would be out roaming at night, scanning the Boer positions and learning dispositions that he was thus able to counter.

The garrison found him a

RIGHT: The relieving force in action on the day before the relief. B-P's brother, a major, watches the enemy on the right



schoolboy genius come to maturity. He could draw with both hands at once, and was a first-rate artist. Keen-sighted as a hawk, and courageous as a lion, he was the embodiment of the spirit of the fighting defence. He was the organiser of the garrison's sports—most of them on Sundays, which both sides observed as a truce. He was ever ready with quip and prank, and no professional could have bettered his performances as singer, dancer, and actor. Who can wonder that the besieged community almost idolised him?

THE siege ended fifty years ago, on May 17, 1900, at heavy cost to the defenders. Its success-

ful issue set public imagination on fire, and led to such astonishing scenes that to "maffick" afterwards became a term of contempt for excessive national emotion.

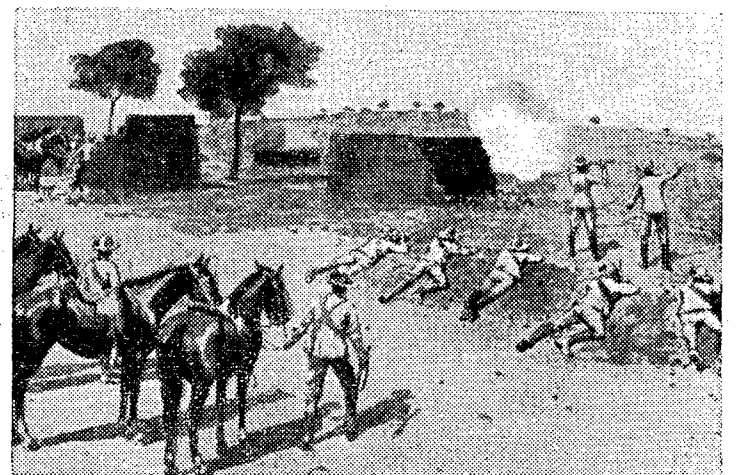
The Siege of Mafeking has an interest of its own for Boy Scouts. Although B-P had taught soldiers scouting, and had written a book on the subject, he really saw the forerunners of his own world-wide movement at Mafeking, where they had a Cadet Corps in action.

Uniformed boys rendered magnificent service, even under fire, in guarding prisoners and in discharging a thousand duties so that more and more men could be released for duty in the

A banknote issued by B-P during the siege. The crude woodcuts were made from drawings by B-P, who was a skilled artist. There was a spelling error in the word "commanding"



This drawing of a Mafeking trench, made from a sketch by B-P, shows grenades improvised from food tins being thrown with a fishing rod. The dummy drew enemy fire



A memorial to the defenders now standing in front of Mafeking Town Hall

trenches. That example, offered by beleaguered Mafeking, remained in his mind, and was a seed-bed for the future. The Boy Scouts and, later, the Girl Guides, were, of course, his own idea, but it was the Mafeking Cadets which originally helped and inspired him.

B-P ENDED his career on January 7, 1941, when he was 83, a beloved world-figure, at his home in Kenya. The Scouts and Guides of today and many to-morrows will keep his memory fresh and fragrant, with the name of Mafeking entwined with his own.



Learning to Teach Football

At the Woolwich Polytechnic Sports Ground, the chief coach shows students how to instruct a class in kicking a dead ball.

Our First Historical Novelist

How many of the descendants of those who delighted in the writings of Jane Porter will remember her on May 24, which is the 100th anniversary of her death? Yet two of her books enjoyed extraordinary fame during her lifetime, and, although not one of our great writers, she has a place in the story of literature as a pioneer of the modern historical novel.

Jane Porter came of an ancient family, and one of her ancestors, Sir William Porter, fought at Agincourt. Her father was an army surgeon of note, and one of her brothers, Sir Robert Porter, won a measure of fame as an historical painter and author of various travel books.

Born at Durham in 1776, and educated in Edinburgh, she showed an intense feeling for literature, and rose at four o'clock each morning to study the great poets and other writers. A great friend of the family in those Edinburgh days was Walter Scott, who was only five years older than Jane and was then a student at college.

Removing to London in 1790 with her sister Anna, who also was a talented authoress, the handsome and accomplished Jane Porter enjoyed the friendship of several leading writers and artists of the day, including Benjamin

West, John Flaxman, and Hannah More. It is interesting to recall that Mary Mitford thought her the only literary lady she had met who was not suited "for a scarecrow."

Jane Porter wrote a number of books and plays, but it was her novel *Thaddeus*, a Polish tale, that first brought her success. It was first published in 1803—in four volumes! Translated into French and German, it was read throughout Europe, where it brought her the admiration of Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot. The tenth edition, published in 1819, was dedicated to his memory.

Some years later Jane Porter wrote *The Scottish Chiefs*, a tale of William Wallace, the Scottish patriot, and although one critic described the hero as "a sort of sentimental dandy who faints upon occasion, and is revived by lavender-water," it rapidly became a best-seller, particularly in Scotland.

Jane Porter's claim to fame rests on those two books; and on the fact that as a writer of historical romance she headed the procession in which Sir Walter Scott, Dumas, Victor Hugo, and many others, far more distinguished than herself, were to follow.

Great Names in Bexley's Story

THE ancient church of St Mary's, on the banks of the Cray at Bexley, Kent, is in urgent need of repair and at least £3000 is needed.

Most of the building is 13th-century work, but it is recorded that Christians have worshipped there since the ninth century. St Paulinus is said to have preached there in 615, and King Edward III and his son, the Black Prince, attended with their prisoner, King John of France, while staying in nearby Hall Place. Two Lord Mayors of London, Sir John Champneys (1534) and Sir Richard Ford (1678) were buried there, and the great east window is to the memory of William Camden, the historian who was lord of the manor of Bexley and died in 1623.

Now the roof tiling is porous and crumbling, and £1100 is needed for this alone. Another £2000 is wanted for replacing the shingles in the tower.

IN THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"

A RAILWAY historian, Mr D. S. Barrie, on the staff of the Railway Executive, has just published the result of some of his researches into the old Taff Vale Railway, in South Wales. They make interesting reading.

There was a rigid code of conduct for the railway's workers, and in 1856 its rule book laid down the following requirements. No-one was permitted to whistle on duty, and any of the staff travelling by train had always to ride in the "fourth wagon from the last." But that was not all.

The journey must be done "at all times in a sitting position at the bottom of the wagon." The daily blacking of shoes when coming on duty was required even of firemen. Directors of the railway had to be "saluted" by everyone in sight, and church-going on Sundays by those not on duty was required as "the means of promotion."

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE PAST HISTORY UNDER OUR FEET

THIS land is covered with remains of crude prehistoric monuments, half hidden by soil and wild vegetation; but with the need for more and more cultivation of areas that have lain for countless centuries undisturbed, we are in danger of losing all record of these relics.

There is a task here for hikers in helping to identify such sites; they can augment the work already being done on a magnificent scale by the National Air-Photography Survey, with England as the chief theatre of operations, and with Scotland hastening with efforts as splendid.

Generally speaking, the seeker must be able to look down upon the area to get the best results, and this is usually done by photographing from an aeroplane with a camera having a stereoscope attachment; but chance has revealed that quite a small height, or even distance, can give a similar advantage to walkers.

Patagonian Trails

Nearly half a century ago the Hesketh Prichard expedition to Patagonia, South America, in search of the giant ground sloth, found as they wandered over the enormous desolate plains that if they mounted the least eminence they could see, clearly outlined beneath the herbage, trails that had been trodden out by the feet of centuries of Patagonian Indians. Invisible at the wayfarer's feet, these trails stood out unmistakably as the eye looked ahead. Here was history without words, impressed lastingly upon the earth.

As long ago as 1879 Richard Jefferies told how in similar fashion he had learned to read the story of the countryside's past. He could find the magic traces that lay hidden by soil or grass; and he told how they could be detected, "Look for them from a distance," was this great nature writer's advice.

Any rambler over land that has not been passed under the plough may, if he seeks, share the excitement such finds brought to him and to the travellers in Patagonia.

New Microscope



A new American development in microscopes is this smaller electron model, which is only 30 inches high. It costs under 6000 dollars—much less than other microscopes of this type.

The Editor's Table

GETTING TOGETHER

LONDON'S halls just now are crowded for many nights in succession with meetings which are not usually reported in the papers; by tradition they are called the "May Meetings," although some of them start in April and the season does not finish until June.

All kinds of societies with a Christian foundation arrange their anniversaries in London to provide a big "get together" of people who believe that the Christian faith is the greatest fact in the world's story. This fact draws audiences which fill London's largest halls.

One missionary society sold ten thousand tickets for a meeting and had to turn hundreds of people away. No famous name had been announced for this meeting, and no particular event was celebrated; the people came because they believed in the Christian religion and wanted to tell the world.

LA POLITESSE

THE world is indeed in a topsyturvy condition when a courtesy campaign is necessary in France, the land we have always regarded as the home of politeness. Yet our neighbours have had a fortnight's drive for better manners.

Children have been writing essays on courtesy, post office employees have been encouraged to beam graciously on customers, posters have urged on the public the benefits of courtesy, and even soldiers in the barracks have been reminded that the soft answer turneth away wrath.

Let us hope our French friends have fully caught up with their traditional virtue. To think of the French being rude shakes one as badly as would the suggestion of the Americans being inefficient, the Italians disliking opera, Scots losing interest in Burns, or (perish the thought) the English in cricket.

MAN'S GREATEST CHALLENGE IS MAN

"TODAY, the greatest challenge to humanity is man himself," recently wrote Dr G. Brock Chisholm, the Canadian who is Director-General of the World Health Organisation. "Throughout human history men have been fighting wars. Yet we must not accept this as the nature of things."

"Other expressions of human nature have undergone basic changes. Why then cannot this? We may not be able to change human nature completely, but we can modify it in the right direction. The responsibility for trying to safeguard the human race against itself rests with science. Together with other sciences, psychiatry must try to shape another future for humanity. The World Health Organisation will try to stimulate this tremendously important task."

Tortuous Tribute

THE other day we were reading a London newspaper of 1900 which reported the Relief of Mafeking, and in the leading article we came upon this imposing sentence about B-P:

"The thoroughness with which he threw himself with characteristic versatility into the entertainments got up to distract the attention of the beleaguered townsfolk from the belt of iron that environed them, and vied with the liveliest in song and dance, was of a piece with his devotion to his exacting military duties."

And a column more in similar strain. It seems that in half a century journalistic style has changed almost as much as military operations.

YOUTH PRAYS

May 21 is *Empire Youth Sunday*

LORD of all loveliness, Lord of all light,
Banish our blindness, give to us sight;
Thy flaming glory, Lord, may we see,
In adoration worshipping Thee.

LORD of all wisdom, Lord of all truth,
From paths of error safeguard our youth;
Give widening knowledge, teach us Thy will,
Thine is the purpose, ours to fulfil.

LORD of all tenderness, Lord of all love,
Turn us from harsh ways to Thine above;
Fill with Thy spirit, grant us Thy grace,
That we may lighten some darkened place.

LORD of all energy, Lord of all power,
Save us from slackness in Life's great hour,
Call us, inspire us, our best to give,
Thy way to follow, Thy life to live.
Tom Birkett

JUST AN IDEA

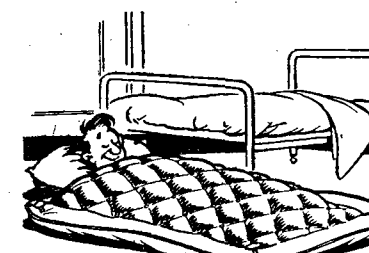
As Francis Bacon wrote, *A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.*

Under the E

IT is difficult to get book-keepers. Most libraries have too many.

BEEETLES have damaged a Monmouth school. The wrong sort of creepers to cover a building.

AN orator says he likes to drive his points home. His listeners do not mind as long as he goes with them.



A METHOD should be invented to stop eiderdowns slipping off, some. What about sleeping on the floor?

THINGS SAID

BRITANNIA will be at home and showing her medals. We want to give a warm welcome to all, and show them the best our country can offer.

The Prime Minister, on the Festival of Britain

It is not enough to work; we must work together.

Herbert Morrison, M P

My weapons are cream puffs at 20 paces.

Canadian M P's reply to a challenge to a duel

Boys and girls under 16 should have subjects which impinge on their daily lives. The old academic idea that chalk and talk would sharpen the mind is completely outdated.

Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Education

Toll of the Roads

A DROP in the figure of children killed on the roads is welcome news indeed, though it gives us no reason for relaxing our efforts to solve the problem of Safety First on the highway.

Last February the number of child pedestrians killed, 47, was 14 fewer than in the same month in 1949, and there were 57 fewer seriously injured.

These figures seem to indicate that our struggle to save children's lives on the roads is gaining ground, but 47 is still a tragically high figure for 28 days. Our campaign to stop this terrible waste of young life must go on as keenly as ever.

BEST OF ALL BOOKS

I PUT a New Testament among your books, for the very same reasons and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child; because it is the best book that ever was or will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided. *Charles Dickens to his youngest child*

Editor's Table

PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW

If cricketers are
out for amusement



CHILDREN should be taught the joy of giving. Not giving trouble.

BAD writing runs in some families. And makes it even worse.

A MEAN old man is said never to have given his relations a present. If he did he would give them a shock.

BRITAIN has exported 167,832 hot-water bottles in the first three months of 1950. Well, the warm weather is coming.

THE Loch Ness Monster is in the news again. A change from the Loch.

Dressing the Wells

IF you want to see the old custom of dressing the wells in all its glory, go to Tissington, Derbyshire, on Thursday, May 18, which is Ascension Day.

This custom dates from the year 1615 when Derbyshire suffered a great drought. So severe was it that an old parish register records that no rain fell from March 25 till May 2, and then but one shower; and there were two more showers between then and August 4.

Throughout this period the wells of Tissington never failed, and from miles around people came to Tissington for water, and ever since a Thanksgiving Service has been held in the village church. After the church service another is held at each of the five wells.

THE work of decorating the wells is done at home, on a board made in the form of an arch. Each well is in charge of a village family that has decorated it for generations.

The chosen design is invariably a Biblical subject, and early in the week the children are sent out to gather armfuls of bluebells and bachelor's buttons to form the background of the picture.

The work is cleverly done on a basis of damp clay, which keeps the flowers fresh. The sky and background are filled with blue-tinted rice; geranium and violet petals and tiny rhubarb flowers are used to make up the life-sized figures; and other bright-coloured flowers are used to form the text across the top of the picture. Then, in the early dawn of Ascension Day, the decorated boards are carried to the wells and set in position.

THIS custom of dressing the wells is, of course, not confined to Tissington. It is observed in other localities to celebrate other events, and is of great antiquity.

PRECIOUS SPRING

IT is the mystery of growth and life, of beauty and sweetness and colour, starting forth from the clods that gives the corn its power over me. Somehow I identify myself with it; I live again as I see it. Year by year it is the same, and when I see it I feel that I have once more entered on a new life. And I think the Spring, with its green corn, its violets, and hawthorn leaves, and increasing song, grows yearly dearer and more dear to this own ancient earth.

Richard Jefferies

Song to May

FOR thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted, join their votive song,
And hail thee Goddess of the Spring! *Erasmus Darwin*



Over the Chasm

Three of the crew of HMS Excellent practise carrying wheels over a chasm for the Jubilee performance of the Royal Tournament on June 7.

A NEW LIFE OF ELIZABETH FRY

KITTY BARNE, who has written a number of good novels for children, has now written a delightful life of Elizabeth Fry, which is published as a Puffin Book at 1s 6d. She has used the prolific diaries and letters of the seven gay Gurney sisters to make the family at Earham Hall, Norwich, come very much alive. There is enough background to be thoroughly interesting, but not enough to make the book heavy reading.

Most people know that Elizabeth Fry was a Quaker and a prison reformer. Kitty Barne shows how the shy Betsy Gurney grew into a woman of such strength of character, lovable and loving. Her married life with Joseph Fry, and a large family, together with duties of hospitality, would have offered scope enough to most women, but Elizabeth's heart was large enough to take in also not only women prisoners, but Irish beggars, gipsies, servants, lonely coastguards, Indian widows, Negro slaves, and the King of Prussia.

Although the book is said to be "for almost anyone over 11," girls from 15 upwards are likely to appreciate it more than their juniors.

Festival Ship

A FLOATING exhibition is to be accommodated in an aircraft-carrier as part of the Festival of Britain next year. The aircraft-carrier is HMS *Campania*, and the exhibition will be in her 300-foot hangar.

Motor-boats, yachts, and other exhibits will be shown on her flight deck, where space will also be provided for sports displays, demonstrations, dances, amusements, and an open-air café. At the same time the character of the ship as an aircraft-carrier will be preserved, to provide an added interest for visitors. As a Festival ship she will tour various ports in Britain.

Scotland's Greatest Soldier?

IT has been claimed for James Graham, first Marquis of Montrose, who died on the scaffold on May 21, three hundred years ago, that he was the greatest soldier ever born north of the Tweed. A romantic and chivalrous figure, he had those qualities of leadership that bind men's hearts in unswerving loyalty, and a gift of daring and brilliant generalship that time and again made light of overwhelming odds and led to triumph.

Montrose, who became known as the Great Marquis for his military exploits, was made lieutenant-general of King Charles I's forces in Scotland during the Civil War, and in 1644 rode north from Carlisle disguised as a groom and with only two companions to win a rebellious kingdom over to the side of his royal master.



James Graham

When he unfurled the Royal Standard on a green knoll in Atholl, in the Highlands, his position seemed a desperate one. Most Scotsmen were antagonistic to King Charles, who had tried to interfere with the Scottish Church, and Montrose was beset by opposing forces on all sides. Such was the power of his personality, however, that many Highlanders rallied to his standard and soon Montrose felt himself strong enough to begin that remarkable series of battles that in six months brought Scotland to his feet.

His campaigns, all fought at an incredible pace, are too numerous to mention. One of the most astonishing was his rapid sloop like a thunderbolt into the heart of the mountainous Campbell country of Argyll, for generations deemed impregnable and a stronghold of Government support in Scotland.

With the Duke of Argyll at their head, 3000 men of the Campbell clan, burning for vengeance, later pursued Montrose's little army of 1500 as it was making for Inverness. Faced by another army of 5000 in front, Montrose disappeared with his tiny force into the snow-laden tangle of mountains surrounding Ben Nevis. For two days and nights he led his weary and starving men by forced marches on a roundabout route over frozen mountain slopes and through glens choked with snow, inspiring them to keep going by word and example. At the end of the second day the dauntless little army completed one of the grimmest and swiftest marches ever undertaken by routing the unsuspecting Campbells.

Montrose was to win other astonishing victories, but his triumphant progress was at length halted when the cavalry of David Leslie surprised and overthrew his forces at Philiphaugh near Selkirk in September 1645. After a period in exile Montrose returned to Scotland to raise the Royal Standard in the cause of Charles the Second. This time he was captured and one of the most gallant careers in Scottish history ended on a scaffold in Edinburgh.

THE BENEVOLENT PIG

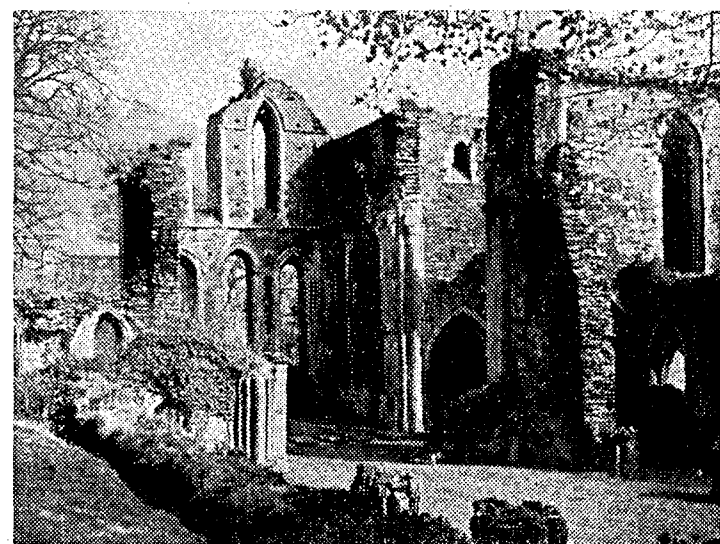
A STORY of the curious and touching friendship of a pig and a young bull comes from a farm in the Scottish Borders. At night the two animals occupied the same shed, although sleeping at opposite ends of the building. Usually they took no more than a passing interest in each other.

One day, however, the young bull fell ill, and immediately the pig, as if sensing that something was wrong, began to show the most affectionate concern for its stable companion. That night, when the farmer came in to have a last look at the bull, he

found the pig snuggling close up to the bull as if making every effort to keep it warm.

Stranger still, when the farmer returned next morning all he could see of the bull was one horn sticking out of a great heap of straw. During the night the pig had patiently and laboriously pulled down the straw from the nearby rack and covered the invalid with it.

The same selfless and devoted act of kindness was performed by the pig for the next ten nights, by which time the young bull was fully recovered.



OUR HOMELAND

Valle Crucis Abbey near Langollen, Denbighshire

Basketball at Wembley

Few people in this country know much about basketball, although there are a few amateur teams and leagues. In America, however, it is the most popular of all indoor sports; it is staged in all the big indoor arenas, and crowds of over 20,000 are not exceptional.

Now people in this country are to be given the opportunity of seeing basketball played by the finest team in the States—the Harlem Globe Trotters. This team of dusky young giants—all of them well over six feet—are beginning a European tour this week. Their first matches will be at the Wembley Indoor Arena on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday against the American All-Star Whites.

The Harlem Globe Trotters must be an amazing team, for last year they played 101 games without defeat. The tricks they perform with the ball as they pass, juggle, and shoot from all angles with incredible accuracy must be seen to be believed.

Basketball is played at tremendous pace by teams of 5 a-side, and each game is composed of four ten-minute periods—quite enough for most of the players.

A FAMOUS NAME IN CRICKET

JOHN WISDEN is a great name in cricket, and next Thursday, May 25, this old Sussex player will be remembered in the centenary celebrations of John Wisden and Company, the firm he founded. There is to be a lunch in London presided over by Mr Oliver Lyttelton.

John Wisden was born at Brighton in 1826 and lived until 1884. He was one of the best bowlers of his day, and his greatest feat was to take ten wickets in a single innings. This was at Lord's in 1850.

In 1864 he started the famous year-book, *Wisden's Almanack*.

Steps to Sporting Fame



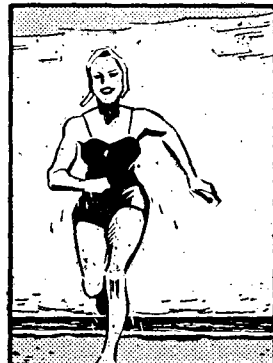
Marjorie Jackson of Australia may be just as dominating in the 1952 Olympiad as Fanny Blankers-Koen was in the 1948 Games.



Mrs Blankers-Koen toured Australia after her Olympic triumphs and was twice beaten by Marjorie, then a schoolgirl of 17. First to congratulate the new star was the Flying Dutchwoman.



When the Empire Games took place in New Zealand last February, Marjorie Jackson won 4 gold medals and equalled world records in the 100 yards (10.8 sec.) and the 220 yards (24.3 sec.).



Marjorie made a start on the track at 14. She loves the open air and cycles daily to the office where she works as a typist. She is a good swimmer and basketball player.

New Highway Across Canada

ONE of the most impressive road-building jobs in history will be started this year following the recent decision of the Dominion and provincial governments of Canada to construct the first continuous highway across the country—from St John's, Newfoundland, to Victoria, Vancouver Island.

A two-lane concrete highway 5000 miles long, it will cost 300 million dollars, and, it is expected, take seven years to complete. It will have to be cut through the forests of Northern Ontario and swampland on the prairies, and will cross the Rockies.

The route to be followed does not follow a straight line. The highway will cross Newfoundland, continue through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick before entering Prince Edward Island. From there it will pass through Quebec into Ontario at Ottawa, dip south to the more populated parts of this province before proceeding around the north shores of the Great Lakes and continuing westward to the Pacific.

EMPIRE YOUTH CONCERT

YOUNG people from the Dominions and the Colonies are to take part on May 24 in a British Commonwealth and Empire Concert held to celebrate Empire Day. The concert is at the Kingsway Hall, London, beginning at 7.30, and the compère is to be Ernest Eytel, a former West Indian cricketer.

Most of the performers will be young people from the Empire who are in London studying music. African students will demonstrate the "talking drums," young West Indians will sing some "Calypso" songs—made up on the spur of the moment. A Canadian girl and a girl from Ceylon are to play the piano, and there will be songs by a gifted Maori singer and a Zulu tenor.

A COUNTRY HOUSE IN LONDON

A FINE mansion that was once a great judge's country house, and is now in a London borough, is to be reopened by the Lord Chancellor on May 17. It is Ken Wood, near Highgate, which, with a wonderful collection of pictures and 200 acres of beautiful grounds, was given to the nation by Lord Iveagh 23 years ago, but was closed during the war.

The house is a good example of the work of the 18th-century architect, Robert Adam, who rebuilt an earlier house there for Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, the judge who gave the famous decision that slaves are free when they land in England.

Adam's noble work narrowly escaped being destroyed by a frenzied mob, the Gordon rioters of 1780. These were fanatics who created wild disorders in protest against a Bill to emancipate Roman Catholics which Lord Mansfield was known to support.

Enraged by his tolerant spirit, the mob burned down his London House in Bloomsbury Square, Lord Mansfield and his wife escaping just in time by the back door. Next the mob marched out to his

country residence. But just outside the estate they stopped for refreshment at the Spaniards Inn, Hampstead Heath, where the landlord, by serving out free drinks, delayed them while he sent for help. A body of cavalry arrived and prevented the rioters destroying a lovely building destined to give pleasure to Londoners in a day when religious bigotry and fanaticism have long been dead in this country.

Ken Wood mansion is for us a perfect example of how a cultured 18th-century gentleman liked to arrange his home. The interior decoration is magnificent. The library is the most splendid room, and here we may picture

elegant, witty Lord Mansfield entertaining the leaders of 18th-century politics, literature, and art. Throughout the house are marble fireplaces and decorative details revealing Adam's genius.

The pictures, however, are the chief attraction. Fifteen paintings by Reynolds show the master in every mood, and there are others by Gainsborough, Raeburn, Romney, Frans Hals, Rembrandt, Jan Vermeer. The collection is rich in pictures of children—young folk of 200 years ago, dressed like their elders. The finest picture is of Rembrandt in his old age, painted by himself. It shows him with grey hair falling from a white cap—serene and dauntless.

In the grounds of Ken Wood are many huge trees beneath which the poet Pope is said to have loved to wander, and in the heart of a grove of beech trees is an open space called the Duelling Ground.

The LCC Parks Committee have suggested that the mansion should be named The Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood—spelling Ken Wood as one word.

Salvage from the Sea Bed

MR S. SIMON of Montreal bought ten cargo ships—and they are all on the bed of the Atlantic.

Mr Simon is the head of a salvage firm in Nova Scotia and hopes to collect hundreds of tons of steel from the sunken ships.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE—Picture Version of Shakespeare's Popular Drama

In the Court of Justice at Venice, Shylock, having refused Bassanio's offer to pay him twice as much as the amount of the original debt, was demanding a pound of Antonio's

flesh. This was the forfeit which Antonio, in the bond he had signed for Shylock, had agreed to pay if he were unable to return on a certain day the 3000 ducats he had

borrowed from him. Now Portia, disguised as a young lawyer, was pleading with Shylock to be merciful. The Duke listened attentively to her speech.



Portia went on: The quality of mercy is not strained, It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest: It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes: 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes The throned monarch better than his crown: His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, The attribute to awe and majesty, Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings: But mercy is above this sceptred sway: It is enthroned in the hearts of kings.



It is an attribute to God himself: And earthly power doth then show likest God's When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew, Though justice be thy plea, consider this, That, in the course of justice, none of us Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy: And that same prayer doth teach us all to render The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much To mitigate the justice of thy plea: Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.



Shylock still insisted on his bond. Portia asked if Antonio could pay the debt and Bassanio exclaimed: Yes, here I tender it for him in the court: Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er. Then he begged this learned young lawyer (as he thought Portia was) to decide in Antonio's favour, saying: And I beseech you, Wreathe the law to your authority: To do a great right, do a little wrong, And curb this cruel devil of his will.



Portia replied: It must not be: there is no power in Venice Can alter a decree established: 'Twill be recorded for a precedent, And many an error by the same example Will rush into the state: it cannot be. Shylock was triumphant. O, wise young judge, how I do honour thee! he cried. Portia asked to see the bond. Why, this bond is forfeit, she said, And lawfully by this the Jew may claim A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful: Take thrice thy money.

Another instalment of the Merchant of Venice will appear next week

The Children's Newspaper, May 20, 1950

A complete short story of

Morgan of the Mounties

THE PROSPECTOR'S LOST MAP

by Frank S. Pepper



THE heavy boots of Corporal Morgan, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, thumped loudly as he climbed the steps to the porch of the wooden house and paused at the door.

There was an old-fashioned bell-pull on the door, and beneath it, in letters crudely painted on the wood, the word "Ring."

Corporal Tim tugged obediently and waited for someone to answer. He didn't hear a sound, not even the ringing of the bell. Either it was fixed somewhere at the back of the house, or it was broken. He waited patiently, then tugged the bell-pull again.

He paced the porch. He peered in at the nearest window. There was no sign of life within the house.

He hammered on the door with his fist and let out a yell.

"Anyone home?"

ALMOST at once he heard footsteps. Then the door was opened by a tall, bearded man who greeted him with a smile.

"Why, Corporal Tim, I'm right glad to see you! Been here long?"

"I almost tore your door down," smiled Tim.

"Been aiming to fix that bell. It's been broken for nearly a week," confessed the other as he drew Tim's attention to two ends of wire hanging loose.

"I got your message, Tad," said Tim. "What's the trouble?"

"Someone broke in here last night," said Tad. "Helped himself to something—a map."

"Valuable?" asked Tim.

"Could be—I don't know. It was sent to me by my brother. He went away on a prospecting trip. He was taken ill. He sent me the map a few days before he died."

"You mean that he made a valuable strike somewhere, and this map was a clue to it?" Corporal Tim asked.

"That's about the size of it," agreed Tad. "I provided the money and the outfit for his trip, so I was entitled to a share in anything he found. Shortly before he was taken ill he picked up with a partner—a character called Ken Strang. It didn't take my brother long to decide that he'd made a mistake. This Strang wasn't to be trusted. That's why he sent me the map."

"And now it's gone!" grunted Tim. "How many people knew that you had it?"

"Didn't mention it to a soul," Tad assured him.

"But someone must have known—", Tim broke off, listening. "Someone's coming!"

THEY both heard the sound of a car labouring in low gear up the rough dirt road. Then came the sound of a car door slamming, a heavy tread on the porch, followed at once by a fist pounding on the door.

Tad looked questioningly at the corporal.

"Better see who it is," suggested Tim.

The man at the door was grimy and unshaven. He wore a beaver-skin cap and coat over a checkered shirt. His corduroy breeches and high-laced boots had seen better days.

"Are you Tad Mercer?" he asked. "Had a lot of trouble finding you. Never was here before; I'm a stranger in these parts. My name is Ken Strang. I was your brother's partner."

Then he noticed Corporal Tim for the first time.

"What's he doing here?" he asked abruptly.

"Just a little family business," Tad said quietly.

STRANG hesitated before he spoke again. Then he addressed Tad.

"Your brother sent you a map?" he asked, and then continued: "He should have trusted it to me, by rights. I was his partner. But he got queer ideas into his head when he was sick—thought I aimed to rob him, or something. The map's no good to you without me, Mercer. You'll never find the place without my help. We'll go in on this together, fifty-fifty."

"The map's gone!" Tad said grimly.

"What?" howled Strang. "Who took it?"

"That's what we're trying to find out," Tim told him. "How long have you been in the neighbourhood, Strang?"

THE prospector whipped round on him furiously.

"Are you trying to make out that I'm a thief?" he demanded angrily. "I tell you I've never been near the place until just this minute. I reached Mercer's cabin down by the creek about two hours ago, dumped my kit, and came straight up here."

Corporal Tim prowled the house as though seeking clues, then came back to the spot where Strang was standing.

"You go on back to the cabin and wait," he advised. "As soon as I find anything I'll let you know."

The Mountie and Tad heard the car start. Tim turned swiftly.

"Have you got a couple of good horses?" he demanded. "If we ride across country we can get out to the cabin quicker than he'll reach it by road. He's got your map hidden out there somewhere."

"But, Tim, if he's the thief why should he come up here asking about the map?" protested Tad.

"Just to make you think that he's innocent," smiled Tim.

"But the thief broke in here last night. Strang says he only arrived here two hours ago."

"He was here last night all right," Tim declared with certainty.

"But how can you be so sure?" questioned Tad.

"Never mind that now—we've got to hurry."

WHEN they reached the cabin there was no sign of the car. By hard riding they had outstripped it.

They hitched the horses out of sight among the trees, and Tim led the way into the cabin.

Strang had arranged his belongings neatly about the cabin, but Tim began to alter all that.

He overturned a couple of chairs. He opened packs and strewed the contents over the table. He worked at a frantic speed, as if his object was to make the most unsightly mess in the shortest possible time.

Tad watched in bewilderment. If the Corporal was making a search it was the most peculiar one he had ever seen. It didn't in any sense resemble the precise, methodical procedure that Mounties were trained to employ.

Tim had a cupboard wide open, and was tumbling the contents about in a haphazard manner when they heard the car.

"Strang!" exclaimed Tad. "Gee, Tim, how are you going to explain this mess?"

"We aren't going to explain it," chuckled Tim. "We'll leave him to draw his own conclusions. Come on! We'll hide in this inner room!"

THEY heard running footsteps. From behind the door they heard Strang enter the cabin. They heard him gasp as he caught sight of the havoc created in the cabin.

To Strang's startled eyes it appeared as if someone had ransacked the place in a desperate effort to find something.

He hesitated for a moment. Then he rushed to the big fireplace and crawled half inside while he groped around.

A hiss of relief escaped him as he found what he was seeking. He chuckled to himself as he backed out again, holding a long envelope.

Then he whirled with a cry of dismay as Tim stepped out from behind the door.

"Thanks for showing us your hiding-place," said the corporal. "I figured you'd rush straight to it if you thought someone had been searching the place. I'll take charge of that map. You're coming up to headquarters with me while Tad makes up his mind what he's going to do with you."

Strang made no resistance as Tim took the envelope.

TAD shook his head in bewilderment.

"It beats me how you were so sure that he was at my place last night when he swore he'd never been there before. How could anyone prove that his story wasn't true?"

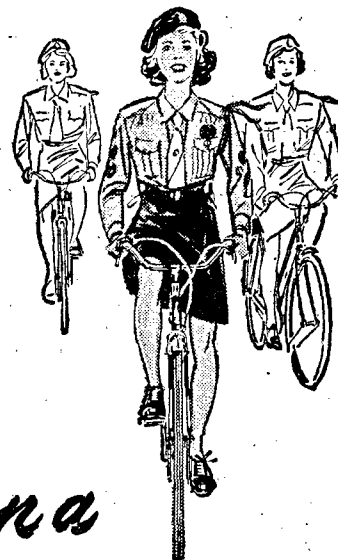
"That was simple," chuckled Tim. "He must have been there before, because he knew that your door-bell was broken."

"He did?" gasped Tad. "But how did you know? He never told you."

"In a way, he did," retorted Tim. "It says on there in big letters, 'Ring!' But he walked straight up and hammered with his fist. He had been there before, and, trying to be too clever, he came once too often."

Another complete story of Morgan of the Mounties next week.

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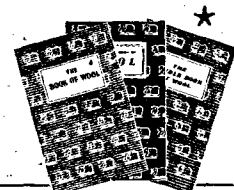
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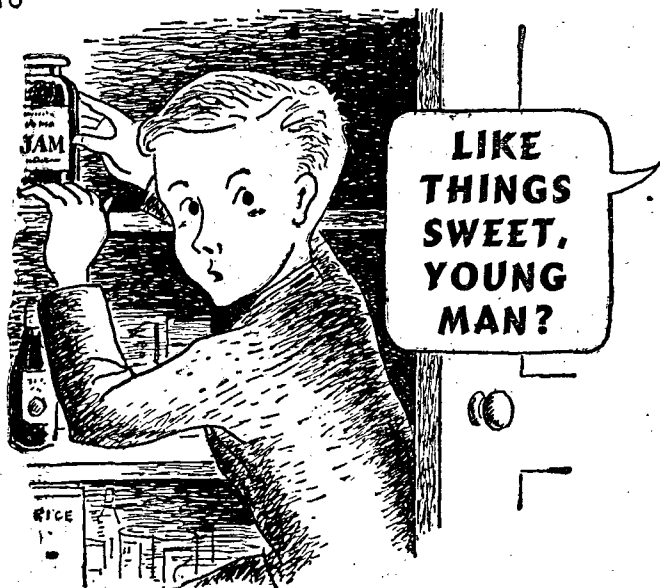
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Journal of the Textile Institute
January, 1949

Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, Regent St., London, S.W.1
E.28



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Over the Sea to Skye

THE lovely and romantic Island of Skye, to which Bonnie Prince Charlie escaped after his defeat in 1745, is inviting visitors to take part in the festivities of a Special Skye Week from May 19 to 27.

All over the world the MacLeods and Macdonalds will be thinking of Skye during this May week, for the island is the ancestral home of these two famous clans; and the 28th Chief of the MacLeods, Flora, Mrs MacLeod of MacLeod, has addressed a letter to her clansmen everywhere inviting them to meet at her home, Dunvegan Castle, on MacLeod Day, May 23. She believes "that all those who accept our invitation are descended from ancestors who feasted with the old chiefs in the Castle, and listened with them to the MacCrimmons playing the pipes, the bards telling the stories, and the harpers singing the songs we love today."

No one knows who built the oldest part of Dunvegan Castle. Sir Walter Scott visited it in 1814 and wrote that before the new drawbridge was erected there the only way of getting in was through a vaulted cavern in a rock and then up a steep staircase from the seashore.

The castle contains many relics of the MacLeods' warlike past. One of them is the "fairy flag," a yellow silk banner which was probably captured in the Crusades but according to tradition was given to MacLeod by the Queen of the Fairies who will one day reclaim it—and carry off the standard-bearer, too!

The Island of Skye is, of course, famous for its Boat Song, which describes the voyage there of the fugitive Prince Charles

with Flora Macdonald in 1746. Half the tune is a sea-shanty which Miss Annie MacLeod heard Skye boatmen singing in 1879. She composed the other half of the tune herself, and in 1884 Sir Harold Boulton wrote the words. Everyone knows the chorus:

*Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,
"Onward!" the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.*

During the Skye Week there will be an exhibition and sale of island craft-work, including the carding, spinning, and weaving of tweeds, tartans, rugs, scarfs, and head-squares, and there will be Highland games, sheepdog trials, evening ceilidhs (concerts), dances, mountaineering, shinty matches, local sea cruises, and visits to places of interest.

DOLLARS FOR TRISTAN

THE motor coaster *Pequena* put into Cape Town the other day with a novel cargo aboard—60,000 crawfish tails and 20,000 penguin eggs.

The *Pequena* had just come in from Tristan da Cunha, the lonely British island in the South Atlantic, where a flourishing export industry in crawfish and penguin eggs has begun.

The crawfish grounds around Tristan are so rich that South Africans have established there a canning factory, and the first export shipment is now on its way to the United States to earn dollars for the world's loneliest island.

BEDTIME CORNER

Mr Portly Didn't Mean to Paddle

"WHATEVER's the matter with you?" Tinkle asked Mr Portly, for, instead of rubbing noses with him to say good-morning as usual when they met on the garden wall, Mr Portly snarled at him.

"Matter!" cried Mr Portly. "It's that great big tank thing living in the cupboard opposite the one where I sleep," Mr Portly explained. "He keeps gurgling all night long, and I keep waking up and thinking it's an enemy getting ready to attack."

"Can't you make Christopher and Ann's Mummie understand about it?" Tinkle asked.

"Well, I have called her down the last two nights by hooking my paw under the kitchen door and rattling like mad," Mr Portly said. "But she thinks it's because I'm thirsty, and gives me milk and goes away again."

"Extra milk's very nice, though," said Tinkle enviously. "Yes; but it doesn't stop the noises," answered Mr Portly

crossly. "Anyway, I'm going to have a snooze now on that shed-top in the sun."

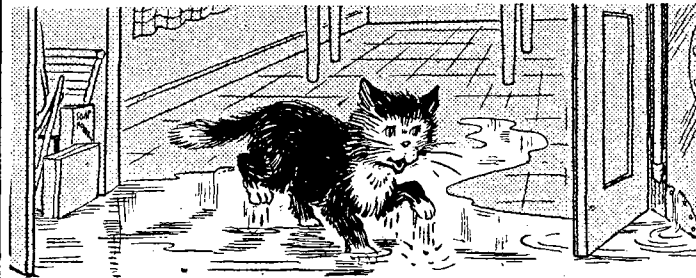
But some noisy sparrows quarrelling in the apple trees above kept him from getting much sleep. So that night he was far too tired to notice the tank gurgling away... until it suddenly sprang a leak! And all the warm bath water came flooding across the kitchen floor and into Mr Portly's cupboard.

"Good goodness! I simply must call the children's Mummie at once," he thought. I'll just have to paddle through it to the door, that's all."

So, hating every minute of it, he did. And then he shook the door so hard that Daddie, too, came racing down. By the time they had arrived Mr Portly had leapt on to the table out of the wet. And how they praised him!

Now there's a new tank in the cupboard, and it does not gurgle at all.

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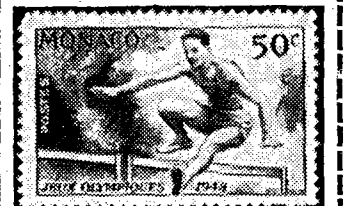
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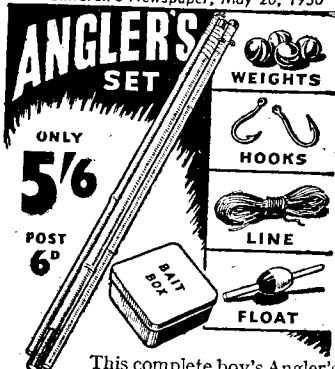
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The Children's Newspaper, May 20, 1950

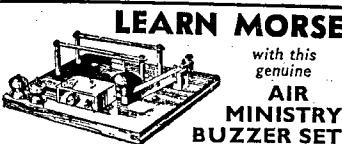


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Lambs and Birds at London Zoo

By Craven Hill

LAMMING season at the Children's Zoo this year sets up a new record, no fewer than ten births having occurred. The lambs, however, will not be allowed any longer to run loose about the enclosure, not because—as one staff member put it—"it makes the place look like a farmyard!" but because too many young visitors have been giving the lambs unsuitable food.

"In future the only sheep to be given the run of the place will be the big old "grandmother" ewe, Doris, who came here in 1946 and from whom all our lambs are descended," I was told by Miss Pip Viney, the new supervisor. "The lambs will be kept in a special 'nursery,' and children wanting to pet and feed them can visit them there, under the supervision of a staff member."

"The reason we can safely leave Doris to wander about is that, for a sheep, she has a good deal of sense," Miss Viney added. "She never eats unsuitable food, however much children may tempt her."



Joey takes a rest

In the Zoo aviaries nesting is now in full swing, and many valuable chicks will doubtless have been hatched by the time you read these notes. In the pheasantry section more than 50 eggs have already been laid, by golden, silver, and Amherst pheasants, although the birds are not sitting on them. For this I am afraid we shall have to hold young Brumas responsible! The little Polar bear brings such large crowds to the Gardens that few game birds would be bold enough to continue sitting. The eggs in consequence have all been collected by Headkeeper Stimpson and are being hatched artificially, in an incubator.

Even Joey, the tame tawny owl who since last autumn has been kept at the pheasantry for the purpose of keeping down mice, has staged a surprise for the keepers. Recently Joey has been living in a cage with a pair of common pheasants. The other day, however, the hen pheasant nested and, having laid one egg, went off the nest for a while. Then came what the papers would call a "sensation." For during her absence Joey visited the nests, inspected the egg with great interest, then laid another beside it!

Mr Stimpson promptly removed the owl's egg, partly because it was not a fertile one, partly because its presence might have worried the pheasant. And Joey is being renamed Josephine!

Zoo birds, having no enemies, usually live a long time, but inevitably a time comes when they share the fate of all mortals, whether human or animal. One who has just died of old age is Barda, the Rogers' cassowary, oldest inmate of the ostrich house.

Barda was given to the Society in 1930 by Lord Moyne, on his return from a collecting expedition in New Britain. And at the Zoo she laid a number of eggs,

LUNCH-TIME MAGIC

IF any mere non-conjuror who happened to be present at the recent luncheon in London which opened the first International Convention of Magicians held in Britain he must have been too fascinated and bewildered to eat much. For the magicians amused themselves at table by playing tricks on one another.

It must take away one's appetite to ask for the salt and see a salt-cellar produced out of thin air, or to lose sight of a roll of bread and have it extracted from the back of one's neck.

No rabbits turned up at the lunch unexpectedly, but a well-known Danish conjurer, Mr Viggo Jahn, did some amazing things with a salt-cellar, a stocking, and a pair of scissors. There was also a "telepathic" reading from a novel and, as a return to an older tradition, a lady cheerfully volunteered to be guillotined.

The lunch was given by the Unique Magicians' Club, the latest of Britain's 66 societies devoted to magic.

Edinburgh Zoo Man Retires

MR T. H. GILLESPIE, FRSE, who has been broadcasting as Zoo Man since 1926, has now retired from the post of Director-Secretary of the Royal Zoological Society of Scotland.

It was in 1908 that Mr Gillespie first had the idea of establishing a zoo in Edinburgh. He had always been interested in animals and birds, and one day he suggested to the owner of an Edinburgh bird shop that the old round bandstand in West Princes Street Gardens would make an ideal aviary. "Why not build a whole zoo and be done with it," was the rather scornful answer. But from that casual conversation eventually came the popular Edinburgh Zoological Park.

During his stewardship Mr Gillespie has had his exciting and amusing moments. On one occasion a red stag deer escaped from its compound and Mr Gillespie, knowing how dangerous it could be, cautiously stalked it through the grounds for a long time, rifle in hand. What was his surprise when a keeper appeared suddenly on the scene and offered food to the stag, which followed the man placidly back to its compound!

Exchange of Ideas

To help London schools to exchange ideas about teaching methods, classes, and other activities, the London Schools Films Society is making a full-length film from sequences photographed at various schools.

The teacher-members of the Society who are helping to make the film have already taken many strips of classes at work. One sequence will deal with a puppet theatre, others with woodwork, sewing, pottery, and handicraft.

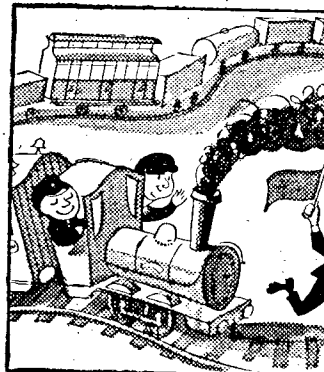
When completed the film will be shown to LCC education staffs.

ZOO—Continued

all of which, being infertile, Mr Hexter, the headkeeper, would "blow" and then pass on to visitors as souvenirs. Barda's eggs, incidentally, were much coveted by curio hunters, because cassowaries very rarely lay eggs in this country.



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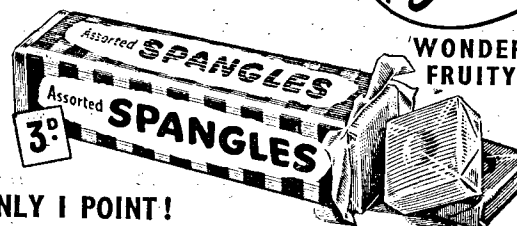


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THE BRAN TUB

From the Top

THE famous comedian was being interviewed.

"What do you consider the highest praise you can get in the theatre?" he was asked.

"Applause from the gallery," was the reply.

Plus Fours

CAN you add 4 in Roman numbers (IV) to each group of letters so as to make a word with the meaning given?

1. ORY—White material, good for carving.
2. RER—Stream.
3. CIL—Polite.
4. OLE—Evergreen tree growing in warm countries.
5. VID—Glowing.
6. RAL—Competitor.

Answer next week

The Owner

THE absent-minded old gentleman suddenly sat up with a start and poked his head out of the carriage window.

"I say, porter, is this my station?"

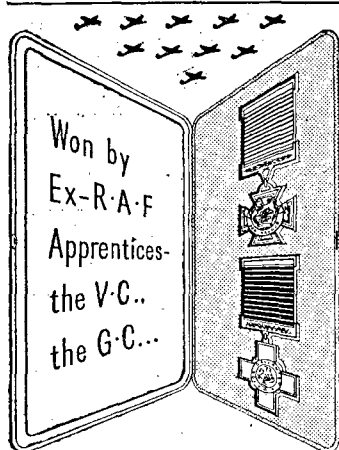
"No, sir," replied the porter. "It belongs to British Railways."

Kind Helpers

WHY did the Rushes rush so fast?

I wondered, but I know at last, They saw—so did the Buttercup—

The Cowslip slip, and held her up!



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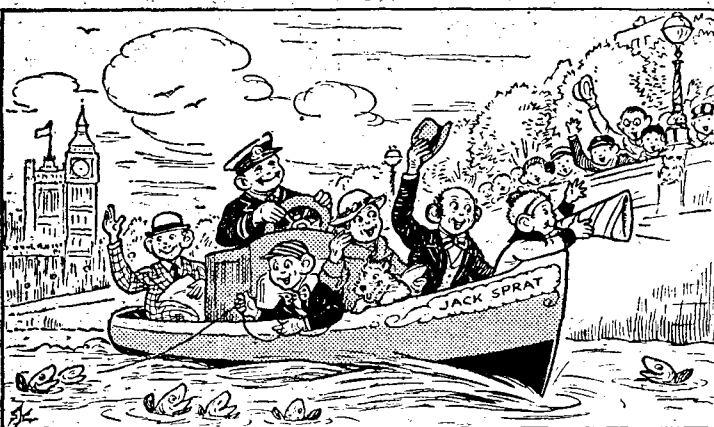
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The Jacko Family Come to Town



"IT'S such a glorious morning," said Father Jacko. "How about going out for the day?" Several suggestions were promptly put forward; then Jacko said: "Why not visit London and see some of the C.N. readers?" This revolutionary idea met with immediate approval, and soon they were chugging along Old Father Thames. And what a welcome they received from Londoners, who cheered their favourite family from Westminster to Greenwich. Even the fishes came up to greet them! Then followed an exhausting day, and it was a tired but happy family that arrived back at sleepy Jackotown that night.

Countryside Flowers

IN woods and moist shady places, the sweet-smelling Woodruff grows. The small, gleaming white flowers cluster at the end of the main stem. Each flower has four petals, grouped round a tiny tube which holds four yellow-headed stamens. The stems, which grow from six to twelve inches long, are weak and straggly.

The bright green, narrow leaves grow in circles. There are usually eight leaves to each circle, and the circles are about an inch apart.

When dried, the plant smells like sweet hay; in the past it was often kept with household linen.

The Other Bill

HE was not used to large restaurants, but, being in London, he thought he would eat at a fine one.

"Bill of fare, sir?" asked the waiter as he sat down.

"Er—no, thanks!" he replied. "I'll look at that after I've eaten."

Do You Know That . . . ?

THE lowest temperature ever recorded on Earth, minus 94 degrees Fahrenheit, was recorded at Verkhoyansk in Siberia. Mercury freezes at minus 39 degrees Fahrenheit.

IN the Atacama desert of North Chile, rain is practically unknown. Drinking water is imported.

IF you went through the St Gotthard tunnel with a compass in your hand, the needle would indicate successively all points of the compass. The explanation is that one section of the tunnel describes a figure of eight.

THE most southerly point of South America, Cape Horn, is the same distance from the Equator as Edinburgh.

YEARS ago Adria was on the Adriatic coast of Italy, but the River Po delta has grown seawards, leaving the port 20 miles inland.

Riddle-My-Name

MY first is in biscuit and bun;
My next is in canter, not run;
My third is in grape, not in peach;
My fourth is in boat and in beach;
My fifth is in beauty and grace;
My next is in draw and in trace;
My last is in Saturn and Mars.
This girl, like some medals, has bars!

Answer next week

Weight and See

MOTHER is half the weight of Aunt Sarah, yet Mother is twice as heavy as Marilyn and six times as heavy as the baby. If all four could be weighed together they'd total 29 stone 12 lbs. Who weighs what?

Answer next week

What on Earth?

FUMED a furious diner named Rowe;

"This coffee's like mud, don't you know?"

Grinned the waiter, "No doubt; I would like to point out, it was ground just an hour ago."

Farmer Gray Explains

A New Arrival On The Pond. "Don!" called Ann excitedly. "I've seen an odd-looking bird. It had two long ears and—"

"It was a long-eared owl, I expect," said her brother.

"What, swimming on the Long Pond?" queried Ann scornfully, annoyed at the interruption. "It had a chestnut frill around its head, and its plumage was greyish-brown."

"It was a great crested grebe," said Farmer Gray, overhearing Ann. "These birds have two tufts of dark feathers which stand out like ears. They are excellent swimmers and divers, and will often vanish underwater in search of fish and water insects. Young birds are striped, and are sometimes seen riding on mother's back."

Other Worlds

IN the evening Mars and Saturn are in the south-west. In the morning Venus and Jupiter are in the east. The picture shows the Moon at 9 o'clock on Friday evening, May 19.



Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 You should see through this. 5 Covers the head. 8 Sprightly. 9 Tide-wave seen on some rivers. 10 A printing establishment. 12 A deer. 13 These protect the rose. 16 A pulpy fruit. 17 Shaped or fitted. 20 Black viscous fluid. 21 Directs one's way. 24 Level. 25 To storm. 28 A bright warm colour. 27 Tree with trembling leaves.

Reading Down. 1 A breach. 2 Italian silver coin. 3 French unit of square measure. 4 Method. 5 To harass. 6 A common metal. 7 Big swimming birds. 11 A long-snouted mouse. 14 Commissions for the supply of goods. 15 Behind. 18 Uncovered. 18 To talk wildly. 19 Rim. 22 A short light sleep. 23 Japanese copper coin.

Answer next week

The Children's Newspaper, May 20, 1950

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8				9		
10			11		12	
			13		14	
15		16				
17	18				19	
20				21	22	23
24					25	
26				27		

Right First Time

BLACK: I'm trying to compose a verse. Can you give a word to rhyme with civil?

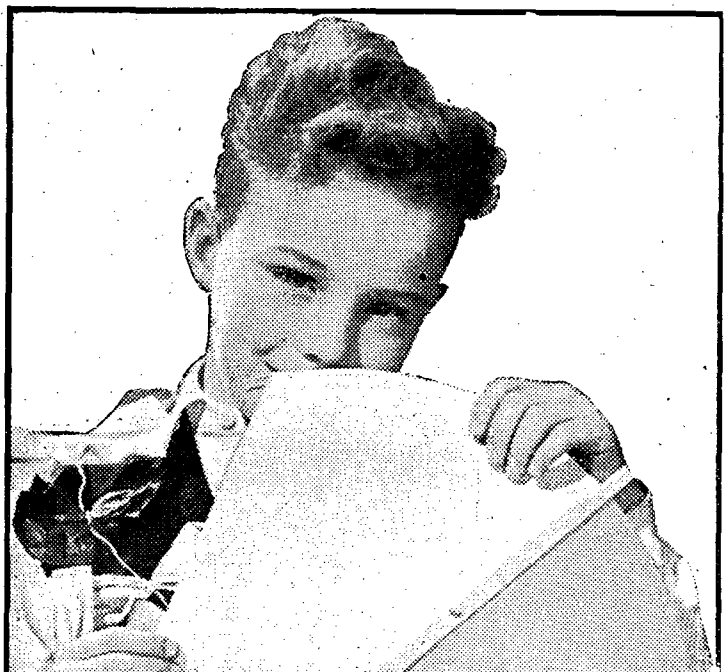
White: What about drive!

Last Week's Answers

Jumbled Lakes: Windermere, Superior, Geneva, Erie, Lomond, Nyasa.

How Old is Mary? Mary is 13

Charade: Sand-ring-ham



Did you **MACLEAN** your teeth today?



Kite right,
I did

MACLEANS

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makes teeth **WHITER**